

"The colored race, as a rule, never ride on tickets." explained a conductor on the Traction railway to a Star reporter, "and they never appear to regree it. Their circumstances demand that they should save at every point, but saving does not appear to be in their calculations, at least to the extent of putting it into operation. They feel that what they have invested in tickets is so much unused and unusable capital. and they do not like any such investments Time and time again I have endeavored to get colored people to buy tickets, and thus save five cents on each thirty cents expended, but it was just like pouring water on a duck's back, for my endeavors mad no impression. I have known other conductors to make similar efforts, with the same success. Colored people ride a great deal more of late years than they did, but while this has grown on them, it cannot hey desired get one extra ride in every six by buying tickets. They seem to go upon the pian that they never intend to take another ride. Now, I don't mean to be understood that there are no exceptions, for there are, but the exceptions are very, very rare among the blacks. The mulattoes are much more liable to buy tickets than the full blacks in the race. The nearer they get in color to the whites the more the characteristics of the whites prevail in their makeup and habits. Such a thing as laying by for the rainy day seldom enters the mind of the colored race, and if it does it never gets there with such a force that it is carried into effect. They live on the theory that it is going to be continual dry weather, that there will be no rainy days, and that there is no necessity for them to allow the street railway corporations to have the temporary use of their money, for which they issue tickets as evidence of indebtedness. One of the lecturers on politiwho is a close student of matters generally. and of all the phases of the question transportation, freight and passen transportation, freight and passenger traffic, has ridden with me on at least fifty trips early in the morning, when most of the colored working people ride, and has personally questioned them in regard to the loss they sustained by failing to ride on tickets, but he finally gave up the mat-ter as a bad job, arriving at the conclusion that they would not buy tickets, and that that was all that there was in it. I railroaded in Baltimore before I came here, and my observation was that the colored

Notwithstanding the act of Congress at its last session providing for the removal of the fence inclosing the Botanical Gardens," said a gentleman who was instru mental in having the legislation passed, to until further legislation on the subject, for the reason that though Congress ordered its removal, it did not make any appro priation to carry it into effect, and publiworks cannot be carried out unless the money is in sight to pay the bill. In other those who have been active in endeavoring to remove this remnant of olden times will have to continue their efforts for some time to come. Time was, as many of us remember, when the Capitol grounds and the older public parks were inclosed by what were known as graveyard fences, and it took years to remove them, but they all had to go in the end The Botanical Gardens have continued to keep up their fences in spite of all the agitation. This would not be so bad if there were more gates in them and if the gates The movement against the fences had its foundation in the move-ment which opened the art gallery on Sundays, and which did away with the keepoff-the-grass signs in the public parks, as far as children and nurses are concerned. No others, as far as I can discover, desire that privilege or violate the command. In years gone by the reason was urged against the removal of the fences around Lafayette and Franklin parks, the Capitol, Smithsonian and Agricultural that the cows, horses and goats of the city would roam on them for their grazing. To remove that objection the city councils were urged to pass ordinances prohibiting animals from roaming at large, and yet it took over twenty-five years to get the fences away. The Botanical Gardens have steadily preserved their fence against all innovations, and even now decline to open their gates on Sunday. In the end the fence will have to go, but the end is some way off, notwithstanding the act of Congress. As to the means, the old fence could be sold for over five times the cost of remov-ing it. Indeed, the brick foundation of which the iron railing fence is erected would more than pay the cost of its entire removal, but these things are not consid-ered, and until their consideration is expressed in the words of a statute will no

"There is no doubt that Gibraltar is, from the nature of its location, the strongest fortified spot on earth," said a recently returned tourist to a Star reporter, "but the English officers who are on duty there seem impressed with the idea that there is some weak spot about the place, and that some American may discover it. They have some very nonsensical rules and regulations governing the fortification, and one of them is that no American can be admitted to the fortified places, though they are allowed they care to.

"I don't think the combined guns of the est of the world, all working together and for twelve hours each day, Sundays and public holidays included, for one year, could seriously interfere with Gibraltar beyond cutting off the mail communication. The walls are solid rock a quarter of a mile thick, and such a thing as doing any damage in a military sense would be simple nonsense. Gibraltar could resist any attack, and the conditions there are such that the attacking party would necessarily have to be exposed in making its attack. This exposure would have to be within range of the guns of the fort, even if they are fifty years out of data. Cases within range of the guns of the for if they are fifty years out of date. quently they would be nearly as effective as modern guns, for with all that is claimed for modern warfare there probably never will be any fighting done when the oppos-ing parties are out of sight of each other. While all this is admitted by military men While all this is admitted by military men of all countries, it seems funny that there should be anything of a secret or hidden character about Gibraltar that Americans should not be allowed to inspect as freely as the people of other countries are. England may be whipped some time in the history of the world, but the defeat will not take place at Gibraltar, I assure you."

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There are victories of peace no less renowned than those of war." observed a well-known printer to a Star reporter, "and it seems to me they should be spread on every record and long be remembered. In the hurry and excitement of the days of the opening of the Spanish-American war many things occurred of which but little note was taken, and in many instances the note has been mislaid or lost. The incident that I want kept green in the memories of all, and if possible have it engrafted into the history of the war by future historians. is the printing of the message of the President the day before the declaration of war with Spain. This message, it will be remembered, contained all the diplomatic correspondence between the United States and Spain for the previous six months, and much of it was of interest and all of it brand new as far as the public was con-cerned. The message was delivered to Concerned. The message was delivered to con-gress at 6 o'clock on the evening of March 28, 1898, and the letter of transmittal only read. It was then sent to the government printing office. The following day at noon it was on the desk of every senator and representative, a bound book of 300 pages,

ontaining over 100,000 words. In addition to that there were twenty full-page halftone engravings, and more than that num-ber of diagrams, which had to be engraved to a scale, so that they could be consider in connection with each other. As if this was not surprising enough, for the equal of it or anything to be compared with it is not on record in connection with the typographical art, the book was thoroughly indexed, a work which in itself occupied over thirty men ten hours. A number of the books were bound, though the ink had not yet dried, the books having been dried in an oven. It was a most wonderful piece of work, surprising in its extent and mar-velous in its accuracy and completeness. There was no preparation, made for the publication in advance, the whole thing coming into the office with the suddenness of a summer shower, and at a time, too, when there was a great deal of other work on hand and a big number of the Con-gressional Record to be gotten out the same night. It involved the labor of several hundred men. Had such a job been sent to even the largest private publishing houses of the country they would have hesitated before they would have promised the work in a week, though the chances are it would them nearer a month to complete it. The engravings alone, half tone, would ordinarily take from a week to two weeks At the government printing office the whole

A SPONTANEOUS COMPLIMENT. None the Less Genuine Because It Cost

hing was done in a night. It seems like

an 'Arabian Nights' tale.'

the Giver a Whipping. A little group of ladies seated on a hotel

plazza were talking about compliments they had received, when one, a very pretty young woman, who is a teacher in a private school in this city, told her story. "Three years ago," she said. "I taught

my first school, in one of the mountain

districts of West Virginia, where I had

gone to visit some friends who were inter-

gone to visit, but I had just graduated from normal school, and when an opportunity was offered for me to teach, and there was real need of some one who knew something of modern methods, I agreed to try it for one term. I got along very well, all things considered, and liked it well enough, except that I found it absolutely necessary to punish some of the scholars with the rod Out of this fact grew my compliment, which, I am sure, was the sincerest one I ever received. Among my scholars was a big boy of seventeen, a lazy, lumbering, good-natured lad, who whispered so much In school and paid so little attention to being kept in that at last I told him if he whispered again I would whip him. He promised me that he would not offend again, and for three whole days he kept his promise. On the morning of the third day I appeared at school in a new gown, which was the most becoming one, I think, ever had, and when the scholars saw me they seemed to be as pleased with my ap-pearance as I was, and all the girls came to tell me what a pretty dress I had and how nice I looked. The boys were more shy, and whatever they thought they kept to themselves. The big boy wasn't there when school opened, but before the five-minute allowance was up he came lumbering in, and, hanging up his hat, rolled over into his seat and picked up a book. I didn't notice him at first, but later I saw that my notice nim at first, but later I saw that my new gown had attracted him, and that he was admiring it, for he was unskilled in the conventionalities, and made no effort to conceal his feelings. Once or twice I caught his eye and he looked away, but not for long, and at last it began to annoy me. At the same time he seemed to be making a tramendous effort of same kind. making a tremendous effort of some kind that I did not understand, and finally, right while I was looking at him, he reached over to the boy in the seat behind him and whispered something.
"It was an open violation of the rule,

and, besides, was a flagrant disregard of his word, and I called him up at once.

"Heary,' I said, with all the severity I could muster, 'weren't you whispering just

"'Yes'm,' he confessed, with his head

You know it is against the rule?

"'And you know that you promised me hat you would not whisper again?"

"'Yes'm.'
"'Well, I said, getting a better hold or my hickory switch, 'I shall keep my word better than you have yours, and as I told you I would whip you for whispering I am

going to do it. Have you anything to say why you should not be punished?" 'No'm.' "Having gone through all the forms of

the law I proceeded to carry out the sen-tence, and I succeeded so well that when I finished Henry was blubbering. "Are you sorry now for what you did? asked, when it was over.

'No'm,' he answered, greatly to my sur 'You're not?' I exclaimed, taking up

the switch again, but Henry never flinched, "'No'm; I couldn't help it, ma'm."
"'Couldn't help it? Of course you could help it. You're not a child and ought to set a better example. The children might say that, but you can not offer as an excuse that you could not help it."
"'Well I couldn't wo'am, he said lock."

"'Well, I couldn't ma'am,' he said, looking down at a knot-hole in the floor that he was trying to stick the toe of his shoe into you was lookin' so durn purty that I had to say so to somebody er I'd a busted wide shore.

sincerity, but it was so embarrassing that I really felt like giving him another whipping.

"There was no question as to Henry'

A MAN OF PRUDENCE.

Thought a Cyclone Cellar Might Come in Handy at Times

"Speaking of wives and their dispositions and tendencies," said Mr. Biskum to the vening crowd in front of his cross-roads store, "there was John Brunt, that lived to wander all around the outside as long as for ten years in the cyclone belt in Kansas, trying to raise corn and mortgages and things like that, until he was able to bor row money enough to get back to Maryland again without walking more than half way. John come right to me, and I let him have a job on my farm at \$20 a month, for he was a hard worker and thrifty. At the end of the first year he had got the Widow Allen's promise to marry him in October, and he rented a nice little farm to begin business again on his own hook. John was a widower himself, and being practical sort of man, he went to work right away putting the farm and the house into shape. One day I happened over his way, and found him digging a hole in the

What's that for?' says I, walking around and looking over things.
"That's a cyclone cellar, Mr. Biskum, 'A cyclone cellar?' says I, considerably

astonished. What do you want a cyclone cellar for? This ain't Kansas. "'I know it ain't,' says he; 'but you know, Mr. Biskum,' and he got very confilential, 'I'm going to git married, and a cyclone cellar may come mighty handy oc easionally.

A Lover of Murphies.

From Harper's Weekly.



"Now that the glorious Fourth is practically upon us," remarked the cadaverous dyspeptic-looking man standing on the car platform, "I would fain suggest a few little ideas, for the benefit of the uprising youth of our beautiful capital city, whereby they was going to do about it. may extract all the fun that is coming to them, and more, out of their fireworks. In the first place, it is dee rigger and the real thing for little boys to shoot off a whole pack of firecrackers, not to say two of 'em, right underneath their little sisters. Any little boy who hasn't got a little sister whom he can use for this purpose is certainly in hard luck. He can, of course, derive some amusement out of it by putting some other little infant girl into service, but the weeps of some other little girl are never so musical unto a small boy's ears as those of his own little sister. If the small boy has firecrackers to spare, and a grown-up sister, he might ignite a whole package at once—a little larger size than the usual kind preferable—and throw them upon her dress without warning. In doing upon her dress without warning. In doing this it is always best to wait until evening, so that she'il be moderately sure to have her new combustible organdle dress on. Clad in a thin dress, she is all the more likely to burn to death, which, of course, renders the fun all the more hilarious. Of course, there are numbers of little born course, there are numbers of little boys who cannot afford to thus dispose of their firecrackers by the pack. For such as these there are other methods of enjoyment. For example, two firecrackers may be secured in one end of a cloven stick, and surreptitiously ignited. Then the small boy may sneak into the room where his mother is sitting and let 'em go off under her nose. I have known this method, however, to re sult disastrously, on account of the high-strung nervous temperaments of some mothers; but I am here to say that a mother who declines to indulge her offspring in such harmless little amusements as this, on such a great day as the Fourth of July, is unworthy the name. It is well, however, to warn little boys who thus discharge their frecreackers within only a few inches of their mothers' countenances that, in case her clothing should become ignited, it is wise to hurriedly repair to the kitchen sink for enough water to prevent her from burn-ing to a crisp. Results of this sort unques-tionably detract a trifle from the complete tonably detract a trille from the complete enjoyment of the day. Moreover, when a boy, through lack of proper precautions, burns a member of his family to death, he is often compelled to abandon the discharge ing of his residue of firecrackers, which is hard on a boy, I must say.

ested in the timber business. I had only "The elderly lady who is visiting the small boy's mother is not exempt, nor should she be, from the sweet, harmless foolery characteristic of the day of inde-pendence, aithough some little considera-tion may be shown her if the small boy elects. A mild way of interesting and at the same time entertaining her is to break a large firecracker in two, crawl up behind her and direct the business end of the 'siz zer' toward the back of her silk waist. sense of gratitude to the small boy's mother for entertaining her will, of course, prevent her from giving vent to any expres-sions of dissatisfaction should the silk waist become somewhat marred in this playful little way.

"So penetrating and persuasive is the spirit of Independence day that even the dogs enjoy reveling in it; so that a small boy who owns a big dog may always find a little mild fun on the Fourth of July by firing a few packs of crackers beneath the dog, after, of course, securely chaining the brute to a fencepost in the back yard. There are cases on record in which very large and ferocious dogs, with no sense of humor, thus treated, have broken their chains and made meals off their little boy friends, but, fortunately, such cases are ex-ceedingly rare.
"Small boys are, indeed, fortunate who

have still smaller brothers upon whom to exercise their Fourth of July humor. It would be difficult to imagine anything mor fraught with Fourth of July fun for the small boy than the discharging of a blank cartridge at a distance of one and one-quarter inches from his little brother's nose. There is the piquancy of danger in this, for a consequence of the state for, of course, a portion of the blank car-tridge is quite liable to lodge in the little brother's eye, and deprive him of the sight thereof for life; but, indeed, all of life is more or less of a loftery, and we should be miserable indeed were we to take all of these chances into consideration. If the small boy's smaller brother loses his sight, he'll no doubt feel that he has been ren-dered sightless in a good cause.

have been known to actually lose their tem-pers upon gashing themselves with their azors upon occasions like these, but such are unworthy of having bright, merry hearted small boys for sons.
"Most small boys have for a natural en-

emy in the square in which they reside some crabbed lady incapable of apprecithe mirthfulness and simplicity of the boy nature. As the Fourth of July day for settling up old scores, the small boy may have an understanding with such an inimical lady by directing the Roman candles and sky rockets which he lets off at evening straight at the windows of her home. Thus the lace curtains in her front windows may ignite, and the small boy will have the fun of seeing the engines draw up in front of her uninsured home "It is a sad sign of the degeneracy of the times that most small boys now fear to put more than one pack of lighted fire-erackers in their fathers' pockets—so rapidly is the American disease of nervousness creeping over the land."

HOW HE WON HER.

He Merely Had to Talk Business With Her Father.

He was a bright young chap, and well worthy of regard, even if the father of 'the dearest object on earth" to him, who, by the way, is a successful insurance man did think he was inane, inactive and ineligible. The girl didn't think as her father did, which was a deal of consolation in a time like that, and the two young things often talked over the paternal opinion, and sat up many evenings devising ways and means to secure a reversal of judgment. The young man, of course, never saw the father on the subject, but the girl was brave, and whenever there was an epportunity she put in a plea for the defense. At the last talk, the fathe had told his daughter that the young man "never would set the world on fire." and she reported this along with other remarks to the young man. Some days later the girl had another chance to argue for the

"Papa," she said, when the opportunity "Papa," she said, when the opportunity offered, "I told Harry what you said about him the other evening."

"I hope you did, my dear," he answered, in a tone which conveyed the idea that he

"But I mean that particular thing you said that he never would set the worl "I suppose he thought, and no doubt said. I was mistaken, didn't he?" said the father

"No, papa, he did not."
"Indeed," he responded in astonishment.
"I'm surprised that he did not assure you that he would do so as soon as he got the chance. That is what his kind always do."
"Harry did not. He said that your make "Harry did not. He said that your mak-ing such a remark showed how poor your

'Well, that's the same thing, only draw ing it a little milder."

"No. I think not, papa," she continued,
"for Harry went on to say that you did
not show ordinary business sense in offering his inability to set the world on fire as
an objection to him."

"Did that young snip say that of me?" said the father, growing red and warm, 'and you, my daughter, listened to it?"
"Yes, papa," she replied, gently. "for , papa," she replied, gently, "for said if he did set the world on fire every insurance company in existence would be wiped out and you wouldn't have money enough left to buy a newspaper to read the report of the conflagration." It was a full minute before the father spoke again.

poke again.
"Um—er—er." he hesitated, "suppose you end that young man around to my office comorrow at 10 o'clock, will you?"

A Slight Omission.

From Puck. Farmer Jones-"Let's see, Sally, I guess we've got everything for the Fourth nowsticking plaster, lint, sweet oil, splints, crutches, bandages-"
Mrs. Jones-"But, good gracious, Silas!
you've forgot to buy the fireworks!"

Fond Parent (wishing to console his wid-owed daughter)—"No wonder you grieve for him, my c'hild; you will never find his Afflicted One—"I doubt if I—I can; but I'll do my best."—Tit Bits.

TO ENJOY THE FOURTH NOT GOOD AT SWINDLING THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

This man hadn't paid his car fare. He looked guity. He had the nickel covered over in his right hand, but the conductor had overlook-

ed him, and he was figuring on what he Consequently, he looked guilty.
"I've a good mind to hang on to this nickel," said he to himself, trying to stare

straight ahead of him. He feared to meet a single eye. He felt positive that there were a few of the passengers, anyhow, who had noticed that he hadn't given up his

"I've often had to hang onto these cars by my eyebrows, and nary a sit-down the entire route," he thought, putting the matter to himself pro and con. "It's pretty close to pay day, at that, and I've only got twenty-three cents to see me through. Wonder if that fellow eyeing me across the way noticed that I didn't cough up my nickel? Blamed if he doesn't size me up suspiciously. Maybe he's a director or something on the line. That pretty girl over there, too, seems to be giving me the indignant stare, too, as much as to say, 'Well, I had to pay my fare, and you're no better than I am, if you're as good!"

The man opened up his evening newsentire route," he thought, putting the mat-The man opened up his evening newspaper, upside down, and pretended to read. But his mind wasn't on his reading. He noticed the conductor standing up forward and begins his mind wasn't on his reading.

and looking him over.
"Wonder if that conductor is next?" he thought. "I can see him out of the tail of my eye rubbernecking at me, and I'll bet he's found that he's shy a fare and is trying to figure who's the shy man. Guess I'd better give him the nickel when he passes better give him the nickel when he passes this way. No, I won't, either—derned if I will! I'm not holding any job under the street car line, and if they can't employ conductors who know enough to get my fare out of me, whether I want to give it up or not, why, it's up to them, that's all!"
"Fares, please!" said the conductor, passing along to take up the nickels and tickets of some new passengers.

of some new passengers.
"Well, he didn't hold out his hand in my direction," thought the man to himself, "and I guess he's forgotten me, all right. But I'd hate to have those folks across the way think that I'm small about a nickel, and every time I glance that way I catch them looking me over as much as to say, 'Well, of all the mean snozers!"

He moved over to make room for a stout

lady who embarked just then, and when the conductor came along for her fare he still had his nickel in his doubled-up hand.

"As a matter of fact," he thought, "it is kind of a cheap trick to do any kind of an outfit—even a bloated street railway corperation—out of a few coppers; but, then, I'm done to a finish so often myself, and-for much bigger amounts, that when a chance like this comes along for me to sort o' get even on the game, why, I don't think I ought to pass it up. Another thing is that when a conductor forgets to take up your fare he don't like to have you offer it to him because it shows him up as careless. him, because it shows him up as careless, and there might be a spetter on the car. Nope, I guess I'll just slip this little old nick into my pocket, and if those people across the way don't like it they can lump it, that's all!"

Whereupon he essayed to double up his newspaper and to slip the nickel into the change pocket with one and the same movement. He made a fizzle of it. The nickel slipped out of his grasp and rolled on to the floor of the car. The conductor, standing on the platform, saw this, and in two steps he was at the man's seat.
"Did I get your fare, sir?" asked the conductor. "Kind o' thought I didn't."
"No. I don't believe you did." said the man, looking red in the face from stooping

over after the nickel and from other causes. "Guess I had this nickel out for you and forgot to hand it to you."
"I'm a clumsy swindler," thought the man, as he got off the car.

SAILORS LIKE CYCLING.

Spend Lots of Money on Wheels When in Washington.

"The men who rent bicycles are always glad to hear of the arrival of one of the vessels of the navy at Washington," said a warrant officer of the Detroit the other day at the navy yard, where the gunboat

day at the navy yard, where the gunboat was tied up.

"See those fellows going toward the gate?" continued he pointing with the end of his pipe to half a dozen jackies walking away from the dock. "In less than an hour all of them will be scorching up and down the streets on bikes. The sailorman's favorite recreation on shore is bicycle riding and Washington is his favorite place to indulge in it. Nearly every man on the dered sightless in a good cause.

"Another delightful little bit of Fourth of July play for the small boy is to observe carefully when his father begins shaving, and then to ram his small cannon up to the muzzle with powder and discharge it on muzzle with powder and discharge it on the kitchen steps. Selfish, heartless fathers don't know how are anxious to learn to steer a wheel. Those boys have shore leave today and they are going to a place where a wheel can be rented. They will spend the whole day riding over the city and out into the suburbs.

"It's that way everywhere we go. As soon as they get leave they are off to hunt up a bleycle. It is only of recent years that the wheel has become popular in the navy, and how it came about i don't know. A sailor takes to a new idea quickly, and now lots of fellows that used to put in their time ashore guzzling beer and giving trouble when they came the ship spend their money renting wheels.

"It's fine exercise for them and their "It's fine exercise for them and their money is better spent than if it went to boost up the prefits of a gin mill. The boys all like to get to Washington because the streets here afford the finest bicycle riding in the world, at least that part of the world we visit. Yesterday there were twenty of the men from the Detroit ashore and sixteen of them went for a spin over the smooth asphall neverents. They returnthe smooth asphalt pavements. They returned to the ship last night on time and all the better for their long ride. Before the bike became popular the program would probably have been eight hours of carousing with a watch in the 'brig' to follow.

"The officers encourage bleycle riding among the men. First because it is good for the men physically and serves to keep them away from booze. The only trouble they ever have is an occasional far with a policeman about a burst of speed, for a sailor after a long cruise feels free from constraint once he gets mounted on a wheel, and he is scorching before he knows it. The police are very kind, however, and I don't remember that one of our crew was ever arrested for falling to observe the laws governing blcycle riding.

Knocked Out by a Screech Owl.

om the Springfield (Ky.) News-Leader. John Young Mayes tells a story of a re markable encounter which he had the other night that would tax the credulity of his friends in believing were it not for his good reputation for truth and veracity and the fact that he bears the scars of battle in evidence. Mr. Mayes says that a few nights ago, while passing under some trees in his yard, his attention was attracted by a couple of screech owls that would fiv at him in a threatening manner. He, how-ever, paid little attention to them, thinking they could do him no harm, when sud-denly one of them flew at him and struck him full in the face. The blow was so sudden and came with so much force that he was knocked down and partially stunned. The owls continued; the attack until Mr. Mayes made his escape into the house. He now exhibits a bridsed eye and several scratches about his eyes and nose

Accounted For. rom Harper's Bazar



The Left One-"Pat, I have a conundrum fer yez. Phat is it that stands on one leg, has fithers loike a bird and barks loike a dog?"
The Right One—"Shure, an' if it weren't for the bark I should soy it was a stork."
The Left One—"That's right; a stork it

"During my week down at the seahore," said the man with the peeled nose, "I observed most of the usual types. Seashore types are perennial and changeless. Of course I saw the fat lady who appears at the hotel breakfast table with sleep swollen eyes and any number of big diamond rings on her fingers, to say nothing of diamond sunbursts, earrings and so on. In fact, I saw three or four of her. Queer, how hard it seems for some people to understand that breakfast and a multiplicity of diamonds don't gee at all. "Well, as usual, too, I saw the big, strap-

ping, Junoesque women being wheeled around in the invalid chairs by more or less putty-headed men, while the small, delicate, sickly-looking women seemed rarely to avail themselves of the hand-wheeled veicles. It always strikes me that there is something essentially wrong about a bux-om, perfectly well and healthy woman who will permit herself to be pushed around in an invalid chair at the seaside. I had the peculiar satisfaction of seeing a whole ho-telful of young women fall into dismal error with respect to a young man who was a guest of the same house. They unanimously figured him to be a young man of a ribbon department, or some such sort, and he looked it to a T. The young women barely noticed him. It did not leak out until the afternoon that he moved into the hotel next door—giving 'duliness' as his reason for abandoning his original hostelry-that he was the only son of a Colorado millionaire, with money to burn in his own right. The young women in the other hotel took him up instantly and donned their nicest frocks for him and spoke enthusias-tically among themselves of the 'character' in his face.

"The pretty, demure, deep-eyed young woman whose husband-not in evidencewas known by the dowagers to have treated her scandalously, was there, too. I al-ways see her. She was, as usual, the calm recipient of the gallantries and attentions of most of the young men at her hotel, and she did not appear to be entirely popular with the young unmarried women—not so unnatural, considering. "The fidgetty, eagle-eyed mother of the

four daughters, all of them dressed approximately alike, was there with her brood this year, too. As in other years, she regards the efforts of all other mothers whomsoever to dress their daughters styl-ishly and becomingly as the merest hopeless flascos, and, as of yore, she insists upon each of her daughters, one after the other,

each of her daughters, one after the other, giving a performance upon the piano forte in the hotel parlor after dinner.

"The middle-aged, flabby-featured man who addresses his fat, pudgy wife with the false frizzes as 'dear' and 'darling' and 'baby' and 'ducky' at the public breakfast table was at the hotel where I put up, of course. I've met up with one of him every summer at the beach for the past twelve years. The young woman with the pale blue eyes who plays 'The Georgia Camp Meeting'—last year it was 'Pack Yo' Clo'es an' Go'—on the hotel plano from morning until might, only restplano from morning until night, only rest ing for meals, got in her fine work, as usual. So did the fool young man who thinks he has a basso voice, and who sings about the ship that went down to his own blacksmith accompaniment on the piano

every night. The papier-mache-headed young woman of admirable figure (of which she isn't aware, of course) who rides up and down the beach in her bathing suit on a bicycle, to the imminent peril of the bathers, is quite a feature this year-more so than last. She permits her hair to fly to the winds, alle same Boadicea, and she at-tracts all the attention she is looking for "The young women whose skins tan aimost black were envying, as usual, the girls who just turn lobster red, and vice versa. The strong, chesty youth who goes out beyond the breaker line with a cigarette in his mouth, and who a few minutes later is ignominiously dragged onto the beach by a couple of life guards, looked just about as sheepish after his experience as he usually

"The pulp-headed man who takes his little baby girl in his arms out into the surf over his head, thereby filling her up to the bursting point with salt water and throw-ing her into an hysterical panic, was there again, in all of his grinning asininity. So was the humorous youth whose whole fun in life consists in holding the heads of bathing young women under the water.
"The black waiter who used to attend your table in a Washington cafe and who expects a dollar per meal out of you for that reason has his customary job. The fat-witted young man who takes a whole beatload of girls out for a sail on the bosom of the deep and doesn't discover that the sailing of a boat is a new one on him until after he has almost dumped the whole outfit is back again this year in numbers The very young and attractive aunt wh is 'chaperoning' her two beautiful nieces is winning the immediate admiration of the widowers and 'settled men' this year, as always. I noticed, too, the same old groups of cottagers sitting on their front steps in haughty, frosty magnificence and sizing up all the 'hotelers' through quizzing glasses, as if they were new and strange, if vulgar bipeds lately down from Mars. As usual I observed that the very prettiest girl in the place didn't spread herself at all in the matter of changing her costume three or four times a day, but went around in pretty \$1.98 shirt waists and fresh looking pique skirts morning and evening, and had ost of the impressionable youths on the

"The \$23.85 with which I started for the seashore disappeared pretty quickly," con-cluded the man with the peeled nose, "but look at the things I saw!"

Paris Newspapers. From the Chicago Record.

The most important of all the papers is Le Petit Journal, edited by M. Marinoni, a small, four-page paper, published for the masses, without political affiliation, made up of short telegrams and news articles. It has a circulation of about 1,400,000 copies, and during the present crisis is anti-Semitic. Le Petit Parisien, edited by Jean Dupuy, a senator, has a circulation of about 700,000, and is independent in the Drevfus affair, as well as in politics. La Dreyfus affair, as well as in politics. La Libre Parole, a penny paper, edited by Edouard Drumont, republican in politics, anti-Semitic, has a circulation of 200,000. L'Intransigeant, published by Henri Rochefort, is socialistic in politics, opposed to Dreyfus, sells for a penny and has a circulation of 200,000. L'Eclair, another penny paper, edited by M. Sabatier, anti-Semitic, has a circulation of 150,000. L'Autorite, published by Paul de Cassagnac, a Bonapartist organ, has a circulation of 60,000. Le Soliel, edted by M. Herve, is an Orleans publication, with a circulation of 100,000, and sells for one cent. Le Petite Republique, a one-cent one cent. Le Petite Republique, a one-cent paper, by M. Jaures, a socialist organ, has a circulation of 50,000. L'Aurore, edited by M. Clemenceau, has been brought into existence since the Dreyfus agitation, especially for the purpose of advocating the prisoner's interests. It has already reached prisoner's interests. It has already reached a circulation of about 80,000. Le Gaulois, edited by Arthur Meyer, an Orleanist and clerical organ, sells for three cents a copy, and has a circulation of 35,000. Le Matin, which supports the government in all matters, has a circulation of 50,000, and is sold that two cents a copy. L'Echo de Paris reat two cents a copy. L'Echo de Paris, re-publican, is the organ of the army, a twopublican, is the organ of the army, a two-cent paper, with a circulation of 40,000. Le Journal, a literary rather than political publication, has a circulation of 150,000, and is anti-Semitic. These are the principal morning papers.

A Rare Disease.

From the New York Herald. The condition of the unfortunate mar who is being gradually ossified into a state of absolute helplessness in this city is one which quite naturally arouses public interest in the melancholy and inevitable outcome. Although the disease in question, which is scientifically known as rheumatoid arthritis, is not very rare, its extreme manifestation, as in the present instance, is somewhat unusual. It is characterized by a calcareous deposit at first around the joints, then afterward into the surrounding joints, then afterward into the surrounding tendons and muscles, and finally through out the entire fleshy portions of the body. The apparatus of locomotion is particularly involved, and the more vital processes of the body suffer in consequence of the original trouble. Thus the patient is unable to feed himself, on account of the rigidity of his upper limbs, is confined to his bed by his inability to walk, and not infrequently his respiration is affected by infrequently his respiration is affected by the gradual and progressive solidification of his chest walls. It is easy to understand that the disease is occasioned by a pro-found constitutional error of nutrition, and is virtually incurable

The Parson—"I heah de angels done fotched yo' anudder baby brudder?"
"Yeas, but it jest seems lak dem angel picks us out de blackest bables up dere!"-



An Aspiration.

'Twas once upon a time there came a fleeting summer day When there didn't seem a thing on earth to

do but go an' play. When the air was mild an' balmy, an' the sky was smilin' sweet, An' the flowers shook their petals jes' like

jewels at your feet. But the clock kep' on a-tickin'. 'Twas so steady, yet so fast, That my heart, it fell a-grievin' 'bout the day that couldn't last.

I went an' stopped the pendulum. 'Twas all that I could do. But the sun, he kep' a-trudgin' till the perfect day was through.

I want no automobiles an' I want no 'lectric cars: Nor liquid air, nor sky-ships nor no telephone to Mars.

If I was one of them there genius-fellers who invent. I'd build a brand-new clock an' never charge the world a cent.

A clock that wouldn't let the sun break loose an' fly the track And laugh at all your efforts when you try to hold it back; Whose hands would clutch the happy hours

of life an' bid them stay So's there can't be no tomorrows till you're clean through with today.

Telling About It. "I can see in my mind's eye how it all

happened," said the man who scatters infermation broadcast, whether it is desired "That's good," said the acquaintance, who

was walking fast. "I'll get you to tell me all about it, some time." "Oh, I'd just as soon tell you all about it now.'

"But I really don't know that I care to learn the particulars just at present."

"The particulars of what?" "Why-er-of what you were going to talk "I was sure of it! I was sure you couldn't

tim



have guessed what you were going to or you wouldn't have been so ready to toss it aside. The war is over. The Filipinos haven't another leg to stand on. We have at last dealt the crushing blow." wasn't in the papers.

"Yes, it was. We've captured their brass band. It was a dastardly piece of business in the first place. Didn't read any of the details did you?

"Well," was the answer in a tone of re assurance, "I'll tell 'em to you. You know what an amateur brass band is. And you can imagine what a musician who is a cros between a Mongolian and a Malay could do with a trombone solo if he ever got keyed up to the occasion. Well, when this band was organized by the Tay-Tay Zouaves, some years ago, all it had to do was to go into the neighborhood of Manila and play La Paloma once or twice to throw the Spanish troops into spasms. So a short time ago they thought it was time to strike a decisive blow at our soldiers. As soon as our men got a few miles out into the country they were ambushed by the brass be They broke out with a few notes of 'Oh Listen to the Band,' but our men, of course weren't going to run for a little thing like that, and they gathered the whole outfit up and took it into camp. It simply goes to show the difference," the affable tir commented before releasing his victim, "be-tween the Spanish and the American styles of warfare.

Wholly Discouraged. "No, ma'am, I don't like 'em," said Mr.

Cumrox with emphasis. "I'm free to say these dialect stories makes me tired. Hall the words in 'em ain't in the dictionary." "But you might cultivate a liking for them," said his wife's sister. "It is something like music. You may not have much of an ear for it at first, but if you keep at t you will soon appreciate it."
"Well, maybe I will some day. But I'd rather have something solid. I'd like begin on some of my youngest girl's school books and go right through 'em. That's the

sort of reading that I'd enjoy spending He picked up one of his daughter's books which happened to be lying near. It was a copy of Virgil, which his daughter had been translating into English. He stared solemn ly at the first page of the Latin epic for awhile and then slowly turned the leaf When his eyes had gotten down to the middle of the next page he laid the volume

down with a sigh.
"It's no use," he exclaimed regretfully.
"What is of no use?" "My trying to read dialect. And I must say that this thing of teachin' it in the public schools strikes me as plaguey fool-

An Expert.

Gay Cupid was an archer, as your valen tines will show, If you've stopped to keep such documents

on file;

On his back he carried arrows. In his hand he had a bow. For archery in those days was in style. But no more his arrow answers to the shiver of the string; Though his quick and steady eye is still

the same. For he follows all the fashions, and as golf is now the thing, You will find him ever foremost at th game.

You might think he is a caddie, he's s humble at the start. You'd scarcely note his being there at all But when he takes a hand, it's always some poor fellow's heart

That he borrows to do service as a ball. And, alas, he never "foozles" when a drive he undertakes While the gossips all applaud the mights thwack.

And the chap whose heart is smitten see

the mighty speed it takes And is doubtful if he'll ever get it back What Spoiled the Bargain

Then he stood up, and, gazing at the

"Talk about hard luck!" said Farme Corntossel, as he sat down on the truck at the railway station. He put his elbows on his knees chin on his hands and repeated:

"Talk about hard luck!"

"What's the trouble?" asked the tele-graph operator. "Has something happen-"No. I thought for a while something ras goin' to happen. But it didn't. The was goin' to happen. But it didn't. The train which just left the station is carrying my hopes away with it at the rate of

streak of smoke from the locomotive in the

distance, again exclaimed: "Talk about hard luck!"



enteen miles an hour, not counting time for extra stops. I never thought an accordation train could seem so swift." "I understand some one was talking abou

buying your place. Are you feeling badly over the prospect of parting with it?"

"The prospect of parting with it? There ain't any such prospect. That man has been writing me letters for some time and finally he came out to see it. He said he had heard some reports, and was inclined to think it was exactly the place he want-ed. He asked a lot of questions and finally ed. He asked a lot of questions and finally he inquired if there was any malaria around there."

"Same old question." "Yes. I could feel myself turnin' white. He was the seventh man who had been suited, clear up to the malaria point, and when I thought of how I had lest the other six, one after the other, I clenched my teeth together and resolved to lie. I told him there hadn't been a case of malaria within ten miles in the last twenty years. He made me say it over again two or three

"Did he believe you?" "Yes. He looked kind o' disappointed and said he was sorry. He's a scientist and is makin' a special study of malaria germs. And he explained that it would be a waste of his time and money to buy a place where there wasn't any malaria."

The Raspberry Pudding.

(A boy's trick in six pictures.) From Fliegende Blatter.











